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Judge

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KEEPING IT DOWN.

Judge

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IF, AS WE ARE TOLD, speech is silver and silence is golden, Bryan and old Uncle David must be amassing colossal fortunes at the present time.

* * *

THE IMPRESSIONS of many juvenile wishbones in the soft, mellow earth tell the white-haired sage that was once a human boy that the baseball season is just about here, if it has not already arrived.

* * *

THE festive maple-tree now flows red-hot
Unto the gurgle of the bluebird's chirrup;
But when the steaming buckwheat-cake is not,
Wherefore the squirtle of the maple syrup?

* * *

WHILE THE RUSSIAN and the Jap are kicking each other in the solar plexus and indulging in other little social amenities calculated to preserve the fizz and vim that now characterize their relations, Uncle Sam and John Bull are certainly doing their utmost to keep the said exchange of pleasantries from spreading and scattering too much. In their picturesque activities our avuncular relative and his British cousin fancy they see a volcano which, if it should burst, would be likely to cause much unnecessary friction and unpleasantness, to say nothing of a possible loss of that ever dear but elusive panacea which is happiness in the abstract and shekels of gold and silver in the concrete. That they will succeed in bottling the said volcano of the far east, and also in keeping it well and securely bottled, is not only a consummation, as Hamlet hath it, devoutly to be wished, but, in the lively and somewhat breezy language of the day, a good betting proposition.

THE PRETTY kettle of fish, which is a term applicable to each and every Democratic situation, should now be changed, if only for the sake of variety, to a pretty potful of lobsters. The lobster, according to scientific report and expert testimony, is becoming scarcer and scarcer as time flits on its merry way. But it is not so with the Democratic lobster. In fact, it is quite the contrary. When the lobster, which a great French genius called the cardinal of the sea, shall have joined the mastodon and the dodo, the Democratic lobster will be on the scene, as lively as a cricket and as numerous as the leaves of Vallombrosa. The lobster has always been, so to speak, the piscene affinity of the Democrat, and the Democrat has always been the political affinity of the lobster. If they could be blended physically and mentally they would constitute a merman that would put the one of fable in the shade. From a psychological point of view the lobster is a reincarnation of the Democrat and the Democrat is a reincarnation of the lobster. This point of view is of course based on the complimentary assumption that the Democrat has a soul, and with a deep sense of apology to the aforesaid cardinal of the sea, to whom we never fail to remove the hat of epicurean appreciation. The Democratic lobster-pot is now boiling, and it must be admitted that the worst and least desirable specimens are having their color changed from green to red beneath the jumping lid. It is to be fondly hoped that this lid may be kept firmly and solidly down and in position until the representatives of silver gall and yellow impudence are boiled into pulp. This would be as genuine a blessing to the Democratic party as would be the plugging of other lobsters of the same political persuasion—and there are plenty of them—that their usually too-nimble jaws might experience the novel sensation, if it may be so called, of statuesque immutability.

JUST THE MOTTO.

MRS. HOCKSTEIN—"Your old friendt Cohen ohf der clothing beesness is going to shtart in a new line, und his motto vill be, 'Efferyt'ing to gain und nodding to lose.'"

MR. HOCKSTEIN—"Ach! I vunder who in der vorld shtarted *him* in der pawn-broking beesness?"

THEY ARE USUALLY SO.

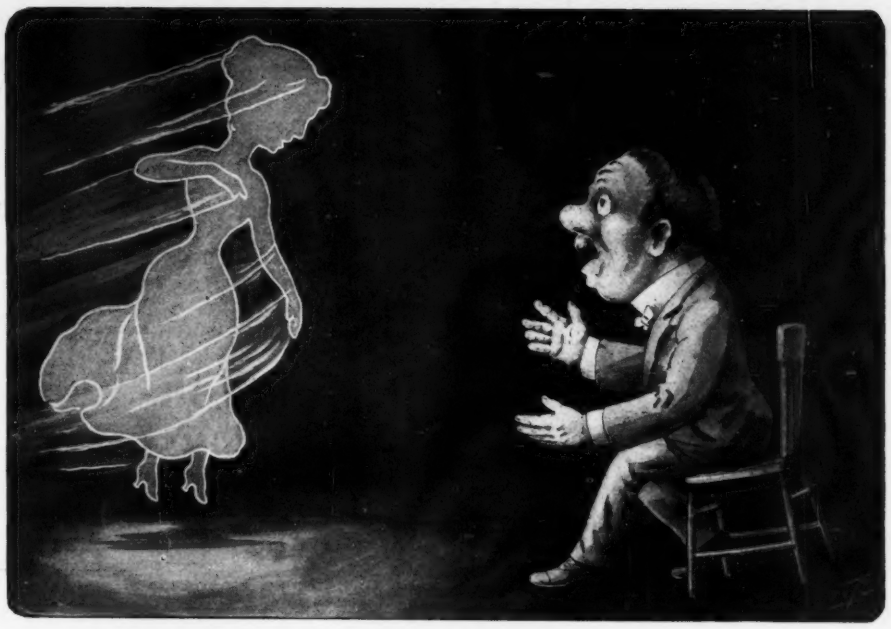
"SOME of these verses for monuments," observed the widow, who was making a selection, "are very sweet indeed."

"Yes, ma'am," answered the marble-cutter, without ceasing his work of carving. "Most of 'em is epitaphy, you might say."

HIS STATUS.

"IN MY native land," explains the pundit, "humanity is divided into castes. Thus, one family will do nothing but menial labor, because their caste prescribes and proscribes their occupation. Another family will do no menial work for the same reason."

"Then," timidly asks the earnest young lady who hopes to gather sufficient material for a club paper on sociology, "I suppose the people who put mortar on the walls belong to the plaster cast, do they?"



AT THE SEANCE.

WIDOWER—"Are you happy, Sarah?"
SARAH (*or her spirit*)—"Yes, Henry; perfectly happy. I can now squeeze myself into a sixteen-inch corset, and the smallest size shoes never pinch."

AT REST.

"DID he die peacefully?"

"Yes, very. His mother-in-law sat at the bedside with a jumping toothache."

APPARENTLY.

First goat—"I understand that an ostrich can eat nails, scrap-iron—anything, in fact, that a goat can eat."

Second goat—"Indeed? The ostrich must be the billy-goat of the desert."

LITERARY NAMES.

"YES," says the fond mamma, "I think we picked real pretty names for the twins. Pa got them out of a book. I always did like a name with a literary tone to it."

"And what do you call the little darlings?"

"Fauna and Flora. It's from a book in the library down town that tells about 'The Fauna and Flora of the Western Hemisphere.'"

1.

2.

3.

4.

HERR TUFFLUCK WAS PREPARED FOR ALL-FOOLS'-DAY JOKERS.

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

MARGUERITE SYLVA.

When you appear upon the scene the moments swiftly wing:
And though the winter is on deck, you make us think it's spring
Far more than do the roses gay that fond hearts at you fling.

And so we know your art so rare the critic's art defies,
And that your dainty crescent feet, that twinkle in our eyes,
Were never, never, never made to walk the railroad ties.

NOTHING BAGGED YET.

Gadsby—"That fellow Noscads is a regular fortune-hunter."

Raynor—"Well, he's a mighty poor shot."

LIQUID SUNSHINE.

("Liquid Sunshine" cocktails were served to guests at the banquet of the electrical association.—*Daily paper.*)

WHEN gracefully the proud mixologist
Raises the goblet and injects a dash
Of radium, and Kentucky's bravest mash
Is poured thereon—the hue is amethyst.
With deft manipulation of the wrist
The alchemist, with movement almost rash,
Shakes up the fiery fluid, and lo! a flash
Of golden sunshine dissipates the mist.
It is a draught of Lethe drowning care;
Its magic spell 'twere useless to describe—
You're taking myriad drinks at myriad bars.
The skeptics coldly claim it is "hot air,"
But all they've got to do is just imbibe
A liquid-sunshine cocktail—and see stars.

EUGENE GEARY.

TWICE AS GOOD.

"SECOND thoughts," stated the philosophical one, "are always best."

The unphilosophical one looked into the fire for a while.

"But," she mused, "forethoughts ought to beat them a hundred per cent."

ACUTE HEARING.

'TIS said that when you lose one sense
The others sharper grow;
And Cupid furnishes a case
Where it is plainly so.

For we have often noticed it,
In every rank and walk,
Although the little god is blind
He hears the money talk.

MC LANDBURGH WILSON.

IN TOKIO.

First Jap—"It strikes me that the bear is an inappropriate emblem for Russia."

Second Jap—"Why?"

First Jap—"Well, considering the way they've been handling their boats I think they ought to substitute the lobster."

NATURE'S SUBSTITUTE.

"I ain't got no black mask to wear to de ball ter-night, but by powderin' de rest ob mah face wid flour I gits de same effect."

FRILLS.

Mrs. Crawford—"Has your son finished his theological studies?"

Mrs. Crabshaw—"Oh, yes; but in order to get a fashionable call he finds it necessary to take a post-graduate course in golf."

PITIABLE TACT.

COHENSKI, SR.—"Ikey, ve got to get ridt ohf dot new clerk ohf ours—he ain'dt no goot."

COHENSKI, JR.—"Vhy not?"

COHENSKI, SR.—"He yust allowed a German emigrant gustomer to get oud ohf der shtore midout even shticking him on a *Rhine* shtone."

A MAGICAL AUXILIARY.

PHOTOGRAPHER—"How in the world am I going to make these stoical Indians look pleasant? Ah, an idea!"

HIT-THE-JUG (*the interpreter*)—"Waugh, braves! 'Firewater'!"

1.

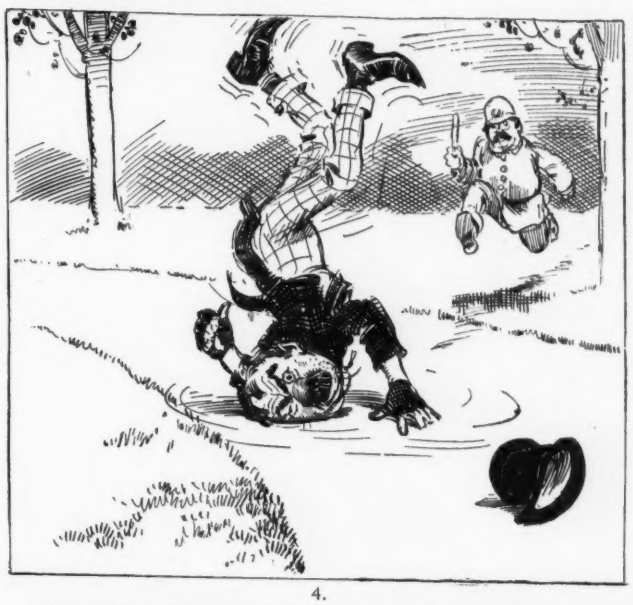
NERVY NAT—"I feel constrained to annex these shoes. Honestly, I haven't got the nerve to ask the man to present them to me. Besides, I've no doubt he's a busy man, so I won't bother him with idle questions. I must trot over to the club and slip these on."

2.

NERVY NAT—"Suffering Socrates! 'tis a tight squeeze, egad! My cursed vanity prompted this spike-toe boot. They'll do at a pinch, no doubt. By the powers! I'll swear I can feel all my toes blending into one. But I'll get 'em both on or bust!"

3.

NERVY NAT—"Oh, these are awful! Now I know why the Willie-boys walk so funny. Every step I take sends a million wireless pains all over my system. I'd like to get a hold of the double-breasted, peanut-headed egg-plant that made these abominations. Just lock me up in a barn with him and give me a pickaxe!"



4.

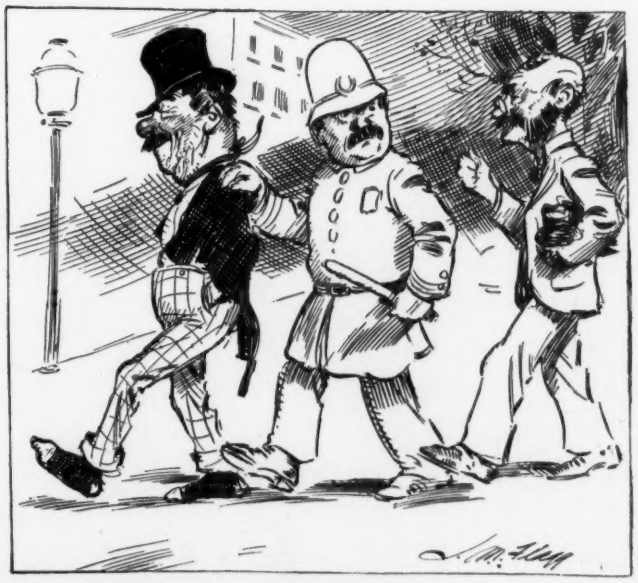
NERVY NAT—"Oh, agony! Any one would think I had a fit that saw me; but it's no fit that bothers me. These shoes wouldn't fit anything but a frog. Oh, I shall surely pass away in two minutes! Help!"

THE COP—"A hobo throwin' a fit, be gorry! Here, youse! don't bore a hole in th' ashphalt."

5.

NERVY NAT—"Good and kind samaritan, blessings on your worthy headpiece! You can rest assured that Nervy Nat never forgets a kindness. If there is anything I can possibly do for you—promotion to captaincy, a saloon of your own—any little thing like that—don't hesitate to mention it. If you do my feelings will be crushed."

THE COP—"Whisht, now, me b'y! Don't mintion it. Shure, Oi thought ye wor hovin' a fit. 'Tis only common humanity, an' Moike th' copper is no football player or automobiler."



6.

SHOE-STORE OWNER—"Take him right along, officer—that's the man. I've followed him ever since I saw him steal those shoes from my store."

NERVY NAT—"I'm so all-fired thankful to get those tortures off my feet you'll have no trouble with me. I'll go anywhere—Brooklyn, the Philippines, or Puerto Rico—any place on the map. Why, I feel like a man just let out of the pen after a ten-year term. Wow! The drinks are on me if I can get a bar-keep to hang me up."

NO. 17.—NERVY NAT IS PINCHED.

TOO PRACTICAL.

THE young woman, her hair tossed carelessly by the sighing zephyrs of the evening, her cheeks flushed with the glow of radiant health, and her lips parted in a bantering smile, asked,

"And am I really beautiful?"

Now, the young man was a student — he was a statistical student. Wishing to be exact and truthful in all things, he drew from his pocket a small note-book, turned to a well-thumbed page, and read aloud,

"'The perfectly beautiful woman—The head should be a seventh part of the body—that is, the height should be equal to seven heads.'"

The girl looked at him in wonder.

"I should say," commented the young man, "that you are not quite seven times as high as your head; but still"——

"If I were seven times as high as my head I should be thirty-five feet high," asserted the girl.

"It doesn't mean that, Miss Purteigh. It means that if your head were to be taken off and six more like it put on top of it, it would result in a row of heads that should equal your height, if you were mathematically correct."

"They'll never do that with me unless I have to work in a museum," answered the girl.

The young man returned to his book.

"'The eyebrows should be well marked and the lashes should be long and silky. Eyes that are shaped like almonds are the most beautiful.'"

"And what is the shape of my eyes?" she demanded.

"To be honest," he replied, "they are something the shape of an egg."

"Well, I'm glad they don't look like peanuts," she sniffed.

Still unconscious of the trouble he was dancing over, he resumed.

"'The nose should equal the forehead in length. Its thickness should be in proportion to the features.'"

The girl clapped her fingers over her nose.

"You sha'n't measure my nose!" she declared in muffled tones.

"Very well," answered the scientific youth. "Let us go on. 'The chin should be delicately rounded and free from indention.'"

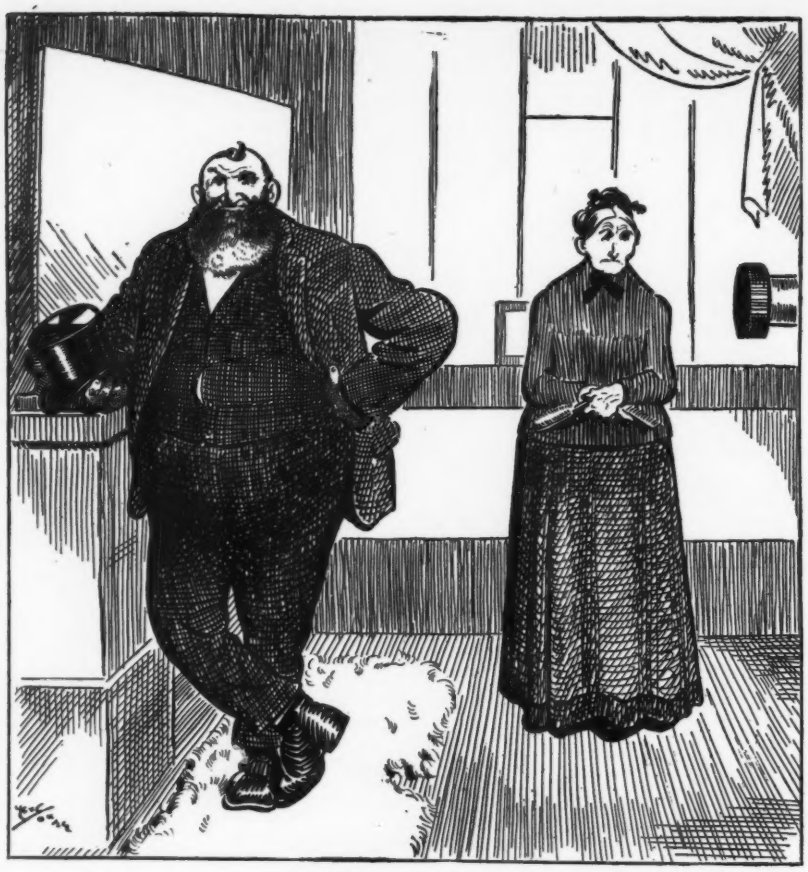
She put her other hand over the dimple in her chin.

"'The hands should be long and plump, with tapering fingers'"——

"Herbert Muggser," came from beneath the hands, "you stop! You get up and go home, and stay there until I send for you."

"When will that be?"

"Whenever I find a book of rules on how to tell whether a man has good sense."



THE PROPER DIGNITY.

UNCLE MORT UNDERBRUSH (*to photographer*)—"'Mandy wants ye to be sure an' git a good likeness of the hat. We're goin' to send the picter to Henry in the city, an' want it to look a leetle high-toned."

HAD NOT FORGOTTEN.

THE LANDLADY—"I'm afraid Mr. Slopay has forgotten what a large bill he owes me."
THE STAR BOARDER—"No, he hasn't. He said only yesterday that he wished he had money enough to move."

AN OLD SALT'S OBSERVATIONS.

TH' MAN who's without fear is th' man who's goin' to lose his ship.

Ev'ry fiddle gets out of tune about once in so often, no matter how sweet-toned it is.

They say cigarettes will kill. When I look at most of th' fellers that smoke 'em I hope they're right.

Th' golden rule ain't printed no plainer in a hunderd-dollar bible than it is in a ten-cent testament.

There's three ways of spellin' dishonesty. One's th' way I've just spelled it; another is "t-a-c-t," an' another is "d-i-p-l-o-m-a-c-y."

Th' man who was so lazy that he couldn't chew his food, an' th' man who was so busy that he didn't have time enough to, are in th' same place now.

Women differ. My wife can make a hotel-room feel like home in ten minutes; but there is them that can make home feel like a hotel-room in less time than that.

Th' trouble with bringin' up children, so far as *I* can see, is that you can't do it. They'll attend to that themselves if they're any good; an' if they ain't—why, what's th' use?

It's astonishin' how much I do love my wife Lyddy just about th' time my ship gits fur enough away from th' dock so that I can't see her handkerchief a-wavin' there no more.

Men are mills, but they are of two kinds. First, th' kind that grinds grist only with their teeth; an' second, those that grinds a very little with th' wheels in their heads. Them latter we call intellectual.

A PATRIOTIC LADDIE.

THE OWL—"Hoot! hoot! hoot! hoot!"
WILLIE MCTEE (*of Llandudno*)—"Hoot awa'! Ya'll na' make the braw Skutch accent on American heather, though ya practice all day."

Horses have to wear blinders so they can't see what's a-goin' on along th' road. There'd be fewer cases in th' divorce courts if some women could make their husbands wear 'em, too.

I know a sea-captain who heroically jumped in an' saved seventeen people an' a terrier dog from drownin'; but if he'd had his new uniform on he'd 'a' waited to have a boat lowered. Tell me that we ain't creatures of circumstance.

I've been so hungry that it seemed to me I'd die if I didn't git some food; but I never wanted grub so bad as I did a kiss one night just after I had done something mean to my wife an' she knew it, an' I knew she knew it, an' she knew I knew she knew it.

A boy in my school could whistle through his teeth. We all envied him. He ain't no great shakes now that he's growed up. We don't envy him no more. I wonder if we won't feel about th' same in th' next world when we look at th' men who can make money here on earth.

Two sailors had a hot fight in th' fo'c's'le, an' I had to haul 'em up for it. "What was you a-scrappin' about?" I asks. "Why," says one of 'em, "Bill, here, he says brigantine is spelt with a u-n un, an' I says it's spelt with an e-n en." "What difference does it make to either of you?" I asks. "Not none," says both of 'em together. "All right," I says; "I'll put you both in irons. You're both wrong. It's spelt with an a-n an." An' I did. It's just like that with most of th' folks that gets punished for bein' quarrelsome.

EDWARD MARSHALL.

ABOUT TIME TO GET BUSY.

JUNIOR PARTNER—"Our cashier says he doesn't want any vacation this year."
SENIOR PARTNER—"Well, just notify his bondsman and put an expert on his books."

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"THE LOBSTER A

DEMOCRATIC CHORUS—"If they ever take off th

ER AND THE LID."

take the lid the worst will be yet to come!"

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho. & Ptg. Co., New York.

FAR AHEAD OF HIS TIME.

DEMOSTHENES was practicing with pebbles in his mouth.

"How foolish!" said his wife. "Nobody is speaking Russian yet."

Perceiving his wasted efforts, he at once abandoned his attempt.

MOST OF US.

'TWAS ever thus from childhood, sour—
The cup we drain unto the dregs.
While others taste the fruits of power
We're lucky if we've ham and eggs.

YES.

WE WERE tracing our ancestry. Filgerson claimed that his people came over in the Mayflower. Murphy recapitulated a long line of Irish kings. Pierson said he had a progenitor in the crusades and that his name was formed by the apt twisting of the names of some of the battles in which the forefather had figured.

"But I beat you all," declared Smith.

"Oh, there always have been Smiths," we laughed.

"Sure! My family history goes clear back to legendary days. The origin of my family is Smithical."

STRANGE, ISN'T IT?
A lady whose name was Miss Rook
Was taught at a school how to cook.
The poor fellow she wed,
I think, now is dead
Since Miss Rook learned to cook by the book.

SPRING BULLETIN.

THERE'S a most excited twitter
Going on just overhead,
For a newsboy robin shouted,
"Extra! extra! Winter 's dead!"

'SDEATH!

THE doughty buccaneer has boarded the private yacht. Now, the private yacht carries no great treasure, whereat the doughty buccaneer is wroth. He goes from stem to stern and from hatches to hold in search of plunder. As he rushes into the cabin he is confronted by a pale young girl, whose patrician lips curl with scorn. Taken aback, he essays a courtly bow, such as was practiced by Captain Kidd and others; but the unfamiliar surface of the heavy carpet proves too much for his feet and he stumbles ungracefully.

"Ha, ha!" comes in a high treble from between the patrician lips.

"Why do you 'ha, ha'?" demands the angry buccaneer.

"You claim to be a freebooter, but you are only a carpet slipper." And she walked the plank like the lady she was.

Edith—"What do the Buddhists mean by 'Nirvana'?"
Ethel—"One of these patent medicines, I guess."

ABOUT RIGHT.
VIVIAN—"Jack, do you know any sure way a girl can keep a man's love?"
HER BROTHER—"Sure! Keep him guessing."

THEIR VISIONS.

THE POET.

What do you see in yonder tree?
Although its limbs are bare,
I have the precious gift to see
A wee nest swaying there;
I see the fragrant blossoms which
Shall scent the breeze in May;
I see the ripe fruit, rare and rich,
That shall be there some day.

THE CHILD.

I don't see any nest up there;
The limbs look bare and brown;
They ain't a blossom anywhere
That I see floatin' down;
They ain't no fruit that's rare and rich,
As fur as I can see,
But every branch looks like a switch
Fer pa to wallop me.
—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

A WELCOME DRINK

is always flavored with Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters. Refuse cheap domestic substitutes and imitations.

"Aren't you attending Mr. Sharp any more?" inquired the wife of Dr. Price-Price.

"No," replied the doctor; "I can't make anything out of his case at all."

"Why, I thought you diagnosed it as a simple cold."

"That's what it is. That's why I can't make anything out of it."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Each returning season—every season of the year—brings demand for Abbott's Angostura Bitters, the best blood and nerve renewer.

"I claim that my wife is the worst trouble-borrower on earth. She's worrying now for fear the hat she has ordered for Easter may not be becoming."

"That's nothing. My wife 's worrying because we may be boarding at some place next summer where we'll have a folding-bed that she can't get under during thunder-storms."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"You may become bald, but baldness will not become you."

Systematic Shampooing with

Packer's Tar Soap

Pure as the Pines

means healthy hair and scalp and prevents premature baldness

The Packer Mfg. Co., New York.

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS

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ROMEIKE'S Press Cutting Bureau will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be "up to date." Every newspaper and periodical of importance in the United States and Europe is searched. Terms, $5.00 for 100 notices. HENRY ROMEIKE, 33 Union Square, N. Y.

"We're going to miss getting a room full of presents, George," said the dear girl as she eloped with the youth of her choice.

"Yes," he cheerfully replied; "and we're going to bear the loss with a good deal of philosophy when we remember that we don't have to give a room full of presents in return."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

At every exposition where the Sohmer Pianos have been brought into competition with others they have invariably taken the first prize.

Jiggs—"My wife talks to herself all the time."

Riggs—"Is that so? I wish mine would."—*Detroit Free Press.*

DOCTOR DID IT.

PUT ON THIRTY-SIX POUNDS BY FOOD.

Feed a physician back to health and he gains an experience that he can use to benefit others. For this reason Grape-Nuts food is daily recommended to patients by hundreds of physicians who have cured themselves of stomach trouble. One doctor says:

"Although a physician and trying to aid and assist my fellow beings to enjoy good health, it must be admitted I formerly did not enjoy the best of health myself. In January, 1899, I only weighed one hundred and nineteen pounds. At this time I was living in the Ohio valley, and began to think I had about seen my best days. One day about three years ago I had an opportunity to try Grape-Nuts food for my breakfast. I liked it so well that I ate three teaspoonfuls three times a day and have regularly used it up to the present time, and I now weigh one hundred and fifty-five, a gain of thirty-six pounds, and enjoy the best of health.

"Not only has Grape-Nuts made this wonderful change in me, but through it I have helped my friends, relatives and patients. The sustaining power of this food is simply wonderful.

"I have one patient who is a section hand on the C. & O. R. R. who eats nothing in the morning but four tablespoonfuls of Grape-Nuts, and yet does his very hard work up to lunch-time and enjoys the best of health and strength.

"I could name a great many cases like this, and I still prescribe Grape-Nuts in my practice every day." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ask any physician about the scientific principles on which Grape-Nuts food is made. He'll tell you the principles are perfect.

Then a ten days' trial proves that the principles are carried out in the food ("all the good of the grains so treated that any one can digest it all"). Shown in renewed physical strength and brain energy.

"There's a reason."

Look in each package for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Evans' Ale

You'll know you have the best there is once you try it

EGYPTIAN DEITIES

No Better Turkish Cigarette can be made

CORK TIPS OR PLAIN

Look for Signature of S. ANARGYROS

After years of patient research the scientific experimenter had succeeded in combining several rare chemicals into a new and powerful remedial agency.

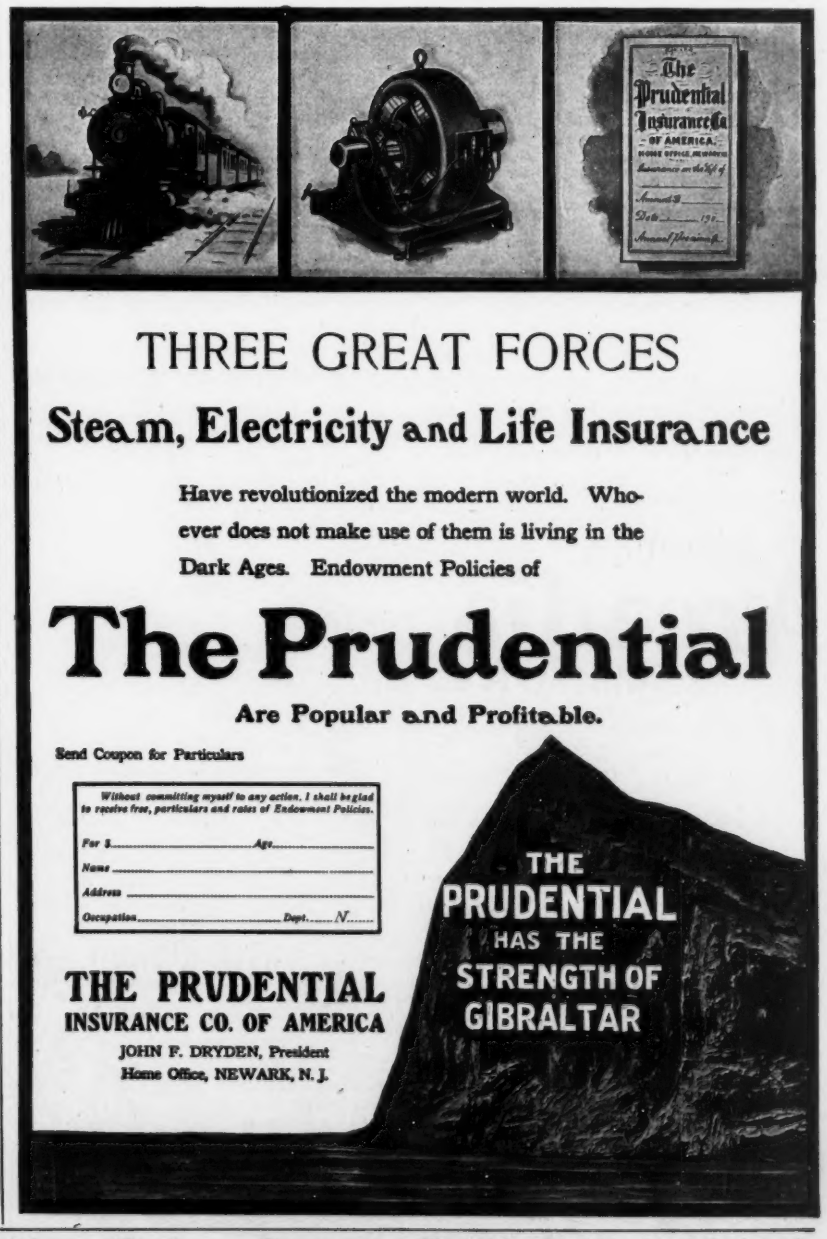
"What will it cure?" they asked him.

"I don't know yet. I am hunting for the disease!" he exclaimed, his eye kindling with the enthusiasm of the born inventor.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Doctor," said the patient, after paying his bill, "if there is anything in the theory of the transmigration of souls you'll be a war-horse after death."

"That sounds rather flattering," remarked Dr. Price-Price.

"Yes; you're such a splendid charger."—*Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.*



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POPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

THE renaissance of bicycling brings with it one of the finest mechanical devices invented since the beginning of this industry. The

TWO-SPEED GEAR

CHAINLESS BICYCLE

Enables the rider, by a slight pressure of foot on pedal, to change from high to low gear for hill climbing and difficult roads.

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Crescent Rambler Monarch
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Catalogues free at our 10,000 dealers' stores, or any one Catalogue mailed on receipt of a two-cent stamp

Though "one-half the world doesn't know
How the other half lives," no doubt
The feminine half of that half
Is doing its best to find out.
—*Philadelphia Press.*

Madge—"They say your mother takes in washing."

Marge—"No such thing; she hasn't come to that yet. She only goes out washing."—*Boston Transcript.*

SURBRUG'S

Arcadia

MIXTURE.

"One need only to put his head in at my door to realize that tobaccos are of two kinds, the Arcadia and others."

My Lady Nicotine.

THE FAMED ONES OF YESTERDAY.

Oh, where is mighty Kitchener,
The man of grit and gore?
And Ellen Stone—ah, what of her?
We hear her name no more.

And what's "Coin" Harvey doing now,
And "Sockless" Jerry, say?
Where's Captain Lemly, anyhow?
Has Funston passed away?

Where's Baden-Powell, now, and who
Is watching Simon Sam?
Oh, what's become of Paty du
Whose other name was Clam?

Oh, fame 's a fleeting thing, alas!
The heroes come and go;
So many things are brought to pass
Within a year or so.

Who, when the snowflakes fly next fall,
May name one Russian chap,
Or still be able to recall
The name of any Jap?
—*Chicago Record.*

The Four Track News for April makes us feel so young and skipful that we realize and appreciate the pleasant fact that spring is here to stay. It is of so invigorating and rejuvenating a spirit that we feel like saying that it is as much a part of April as is the anemone. Shakespeare spoke of the uncertain glory of an April day, but no one will speak of the uncertain glory of *The Four Track News* for April, for the very good reason that there is nothing uncertain about it. It is a sure thing of beauty and a joy whose gold defies the teeth of time. This is not a dental joke, but a solid fact that will not be gainsaid. Just permit your eye to skim, seagull fashion, over the blue sea of its contents, and you will lift your voice in rapture and agree with us that to use the words adequate to giving but a fair idea of its value as a spirit-raiser and a care-killer would be simply to put the dictionary out of business. For further particulars address George H. Daniels, publisher, 7 East Forty-second street, New York city.

"For what is Greenland noted?" asked the teacher.

"For its old-fashioned winters," said the boy with the frosted nose.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Hack-writer—"How would you like an article on Solomon?"

Magazine-editor—"First rate, if you can only furnish a complete set of portraits of his wives."—*Somerville Journal.*

OPINION.

I always was conservative,
And in this eastern { fuss, / scrap,
I'd have you know my sympathies
Are firmly with the { Russ. / Jap.

And when success shall crown his arms
Disgruntled folks may { yap, / cuss,
But as for me, I always said,
All hail the victor { Jap! / Russ!
—*New York Sun.*

WILSON WHISKEY

That's All!

ON HIS DIGNITY.

SAM—"Mamma bought me a pair of gloves yesterday."
AUNTIE—"Really! What are they—kids?"
SAM—"No; they're men's."

ESTABLISHED 1810

OLD OVERHOLT RYE

NATURAL WHISKEY

"Bottled in Bond"

Direct from the Barrel under U. S. Government Supervision and Regulations

The whiskey must be at least four years old. Each cork is sealed with U. S. Stamp stating age and quantity in each bottle. Every bottle contains full measure.

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The Whiskey That Made The High Ball Famous

Hunter Baltimore Rye

Fine, Rich Flavor

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

"How did you decide so quickly that the prisoner was not insane?" asked the judge, a little curiously, of one of the examining physicians.

"Oh, that was easy," was the reply. "We asked him if there was anything he wanted to talk over with the president, and he replied in the negative."—*Syracuse Herald.*

Leonidas was holding the pass.

"If we were only the 'four hundred' instead of the 'three hundred,'" he wailed, "they could never break through."

Angered at his lack of foresight, the hero of Thermopylæ fought to the bitter end.—*New York Sun.*

Gaston—"We occultists, you know, have no idea of time. To us there is no such thing."

Alphonse (aside)—"That explains why he hasn't paid me the ten he's owed for two years. Probably thinks he borrowed it about fifteen minutes ago!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Abbott's Angostura Bitters has the call wherever an effective tonic for a run-down system is needed; builds up flesh and nerve tissue. Druggists.

Though love may make the world go round
For Romeo's dear fair one,
It sometimes lacks ability
To make the meal a square one.
—*New York Sun.*

The Barry EASTER CARDS
"*SOMETHING DIFFERENT*"
FRANK BARRY, HERKIMER, N. Y.

Bill—"He wanted a name for his new hotel."

Jill—"Were there any suggested?"

Bill—"Yes; a fellow suggested calling it the Rheumatic Gout, because it was a swell joint."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"For a long while he was working hard to get a good job."

"Yes; but he's taking a well-deserved rest now."

"Gave up in despair, eh?"

"No; he's got the job."—*Philadelphia Press.*

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is not more highly prized than Williams' Shaving Soap.

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I have used Williams' Shaving Soap with the greatest satisfaction and pleasure for years. Since coming to Alaska I have found it especially valuable, as it leaves the skin in the pink of condition to face the cutting winds of this climate. Were it impossible to secure Williams' Shaving Soap, I would go without shaving. ARTHUR D. CURTIS.

Summer or winter, in every climate, Williams' Shaving Soap keeps the face in the "pink of condition." "The only soap fit for the face."

Williams' Shaving Sticks, Shaving Tablets, Toilet Waters, Talcum Powder, etc., sold everywhere.
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CUSTOMER (*who has ordered a book*)—"Have you got the encyclopædia?"
NEW ASSISTANT—"Oh, no, sir! It's something you can't ketch."

"Is your name Hi Li?" asked the foreigner brusquely.

"Yes, sir," answered the Korean emperor. "I am 'Hi Li' by name, but by nature I am 'Li Low.'"—*Washington Star.*

"That fellow Briefleigh," remarked the lawyer, "is one of the greatest benefactors our profession ever had."

"What did he do—endow a library?"

"No, indeed. He compiled a book entitled 'Every Man His Own Lawyer.'"—*Chicago News.*

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Easter Cards
the most beautiful line of the season
"Something Different"
Price, 10 cts. to 25 cts.
Your order will have prompt attention
Made at Herkimer, N. Y.
F. Barry

Some ads. remind us of Bill Jones's Sall, who wouldn't say "chew," and when she said "masticate" there didn't nobody know what she was talkin' about.—*Millinery Trade Review.*

"Well, anyway," he said during their little spat, "when I proposed to you, you took me promptly enough."

"Yes," she replied; "I was only a woman, and you did look so cheap."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

WANTED BARBERS
to make their own toilet waters. **Florodo** is the secret. One box makes a gallon of first-class toilet water. Nine different odors. Write for free sample and booklet. **T. H. Sayder & Co., 8 & 10 North St., Cincinnati, O.**

TOUR TO THE PACIFIC COAST AND GRAND CANYON.

Rate, $106. Via Pennsylvania Railroad, Account General Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church.

On account of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to be held at Los Angeles, Cal., beginning May 3, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run a personally-conducted tour to Los Angeles, visiting the Grand Canyon of Arizona *en route*, at unusually low rates. A special train of the highest grade Pullman equipment will leave New York, Philadelphia, and Pittsburg on Wednesday, April 27, running via Chicago and the Santa Fe Route to the Grand Canyon. Sunday will be spent at this wonderful place, and Los Angeles will be reached on the evening of May 2. Round-trip tickets, including transportation, one double berth, and meals on special train going; and transportation only returning on regular trains via direct routes or via San Francisco, will be sold at rate of $106 from New York, $105 from Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and $100 from Pittsburg. Tickets will be good to return at any time before June 30. Tourists returning via St. Louis may stop off for ten days to visit the World's Fair, by depositing ticket and paying $1.00 fee. A descriptive itinerary will be sent on application to George W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

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A hint for interior decoration—a pousse café.—*Brooklyn Life.*

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A handsome cyclopædia of 1200 pages fully illustrated (18 color plates), of interest and use to everybody; must be seen to be appreciated. That's why we offer *one copy free to proprietors only* (or managers) of first-class barber shops for the reading-table. **Murray Hill Pub. Co., 129 East 28th Street, New York.**

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"Nevaire mind, Celeste. We now haf ze latest fashion in dogs."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

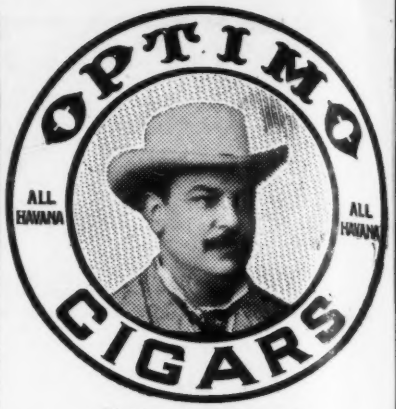
Good temper is a splendid thing,
But don't abuse it.
You never know how good it was
Until you lose it.
—*Philadelphia Press.*

Actor—"Hurry! or we'll miss the train."

Actress—"I can't find my diamonds or my purse."

Actor—"Oh, well, never mind."

Actress—"Yes; but the purse had ten dollars in it."—*New York Weekly.*



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THE HOSTLER (*at the "Shadow-of-death hotel, on seeing a pair of boot-trees for the firs time*)—"I say, Billy, that poor bloke in the bedroom must 'ave 'ad a terrible accident. He's got two wooden feet!"

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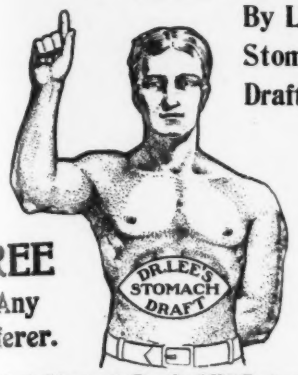

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ON A RIVER BANK SO GREEN.

I sorter look away off,
Where the sky is all serene,
An' I want to take a day off
On a river bank so green.

Fish, fish, fish,
An' the line a-goin' "Swish!"
(Oh, the perch is sich a beauty
When he's fried, an' in the dish!)

The trees, like big umbrellas,
Hide the hot sun from yer view—
Dip their green leaves in the river,
Till they drip with crystal dew!

Fish fish, fish,
An the line a-goin' "Swish!"
(Oh, the perch just fits the palate
When he's fried, an' in the dish!)

So, I sorter look away off,
Where the river bank I see;
An' the wind says: "Take a day off
An' go loafin' roun' with me!"

Fish, fish, fish,
An' the line a-goin' "Swish!"
(Oh, the perch—he's just so purty
When he's fried, an' in the dish!)

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

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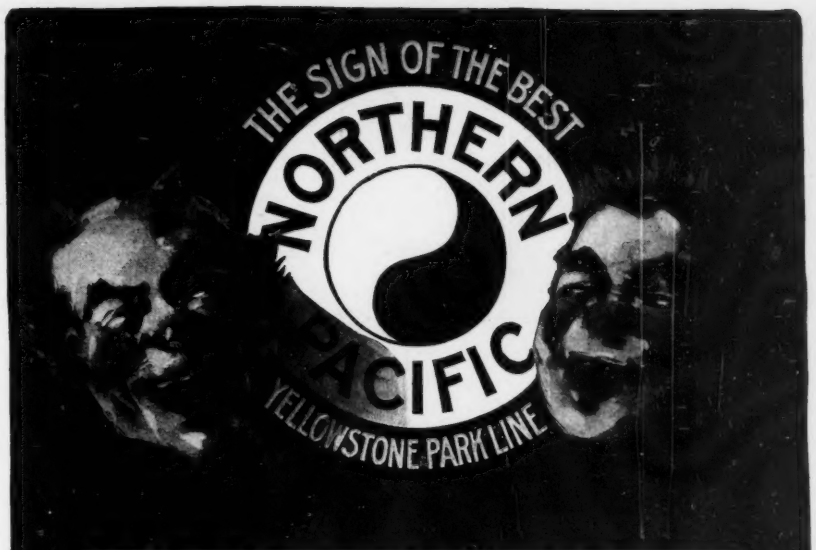

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OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write **DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. 12, Lebanon, Ohio.**

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Tom—"What use is that if she can't find a match?"—*Yale Record.*

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NO USE FOR IT.

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MR. KAREWORN—"No home? Then what use can you have for money?"

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A HARD PROBLEM.

PAT—"Oi asked Casey this problem: If A. dhrinks wan hot whiskey iviry foive minutes an' B. dhrinks wan hot whiskey iviry six minutes, how many hot whiskies will A. dhrink whoile B. is dhrinkin' twinty-sivin?"

MIKE—"An' cudn't he answer it?"

PAT—"He cud not. His mouth wor waterin' so he cudn't shpake fer tin minutes."